Literature

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE KING'S FOOL.

A Fool it was, and took his Soul
  Within his hollowed hands;
He took his Soul and smoothed it calm,
  And loosed its strained bands.

"O Soul," he cried, "you bear the stain
  Of chain-gyves interwove!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
  "It was the friend I love."

"O Soul, you have a flaming brand
  Burned on your nakedness!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
  "That was a pure caress."

"O Soul, a fissure shows your heart
  Like wound of bloody sword!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
  "That was a friendly word."

"O Soul, you shrink within my hand,
  I scarce see where you be!
Who did this thing?" The Soul replied:
  "A woman pitied me."

The Fool laid down his Soul and wept,
  And knelt him down beside;
He soothed and questioned all the night.—
  No Soul of him replied.

—From Wm. J. Neidig's "The First Wardens."

NOTES.

McClure-Phillips have received a postal card stating without preamble: "Rex E. Beach's 'Pardners'—Had the blues today, but feel O. K. after taking."

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The power of publicity to cut the tangles of departmental red-tape has been once more demonstrated in the recent assignment by the navy department of the steamer Lebanon to permanent duty in north Atlantic waters as a destroyer of derelicts. For years the shipping interests have tried to get the government to undertake the systematic destruction of these most dreaded of all dangers afloat; but nothing has ever been done beyond the occasional dispatching of a naval vessel to blow up some particularly notorious hulk. P. T. McGrath, a newspaper man of St. Johns, wrote a thrilling story of the derelicts' menace for the May McClure's. He had the facts, and he told a tale of shipwreck and mystery that was quoted by the press throughout the country. Now, little more than a month after the story started on its rounds, the former cruiser Lebanon has gone to the Portsmouth navy yard to be refitted with all speed for her new work of guarding the ocean's highway.

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Some of the newspapers have had it that Booth Tarkington expanded a newspaper item to make his story "The Beautiful Lady." Questioned in regard to this, Mr. Tarkington answered, "I was in Paris last July and saw a crowd, one afternoon, on the pavement in front of the Cafe de la Paix, all laughing; everybody up and down the boulevard was laughing. The American Bar around the corner was doing no business, patrons had emerged to stare. I worked through the crowd and saw my fellow, the man with the painted head (which might have been the title of the story). He was a nice looking person, exceedingly well dressed and immensely unhappy. Afterward he haunted me. What could have induced a man of his type to do such a thing? Gradually the story came, and I wrote it. That's all there is 'to it'—except to read it!"

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Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Litt. D., the author of "Rebecca," and other popular fiction, has been requested by the directors of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution to deliver a lecture on American fiction during the coming season. The Earl of Rosebery is the president of the society at the present time, and it has had an array of famous names in this capacity:—Adam Black, Christopher North," Lord Macaulay, Lord Brougham, Thomas Carlyle, and Mr. Gladstone. Mrs. Wiggin is now in Great Britain. Her new book, entitled "Rose o' the River," will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in September.

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At the time of the publication of Dr. C. Hanford Henderson's new book, "The Children of Good Fortune" comes an interesting review of his earlier book "John Percyfield," showing that this book is read the world around. The Outlook of Dunedin, New Zealand, says: "John Percyfield" is without exception the most charming love story which has ever chanced our way; no morbid examination of elemental passion, no sickly sentimentalizing or sex-problem mongering, but love-making as it ought to be made, by high-souled, red-blooded men, and sensible, tender, resourceful women. And intermixed with the love making are flashes of common sense philosophy, quaint conceits, and literary allusions, all couched in delicious diction. It breathes on every page a bright and beautiful optimism most inspiring in these pessimistic days."

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During the coming autumn Houghton, Mifflin & Co. expect to publish new books of fiction by the following authors: Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Miss Alice Brown, Miss Margaret Sherwood, Arthur Stanwood Pier, George S. Wasson, Arthur Stringer, Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Miss Abbie Farwell Brown, Everett T. Tomlinson, Miss Eliza Orne White, and Miss Eva March Tappan. They also have in preparation new books by John Borroughs, Hugo Munsterberg, Miss Agness Reppiler, Samuel M. Crothers, Rodolfo Laciani, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Henry D. Sedgwick, Lafcadio Hearn, Mrs. Martha Baker Dunn, C. William Beebe, Borden P. Bowne, and E. Boyd Smith. Full announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s fall books will appear in their Riverside Bulletin for September, which will be ready the last of August.

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A good many people are amusing themselves by trying to identify the originals of some of the characters of David Graham Phillips' "The Plum Tree," a book which just now seems to be having considerable vogue. For instance, the portrait of President Burbank is said to be drawn from President McKinley; Senator Hanna is thought by many to have suggested Senator Sayler; while as to the original of Scarborough, whose history is continued from "The Cost," opinion is divided between William Jennings Bryan and Senator Beveridge of Indiana. The latter is generally favored because he is known to have been Mr. Phillips' classmate at De Pauw university. The author, however, when approached on this point, disclaims all intention of singling out individuals of national fame for praise or pillory, maintaining that his characters are composites, and separate traits may readily be fastened on separate men. If, for example, Mr. Hanna contributed much to the making of Sayler, it seems likely that Mr. Aldrich contributed as much again. An article by Mr. Phillips on Senator Aldrich, entitled "The Boss of the United States," created something of a stir a year or two ago, and what better name could be found for Sayler than the title of that article?

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The McClure house, which presented Booth Tarkington to the public, and has published for George Ade, prints in the June number of McClure's Magazine a story called "Bargain Day at Tutt House," by George R. Chester, another Indiana author—a new one. Awhile ago when the editors of McClure's were struck with Mr. Chester's manuscripts and wanted to see the author, he came to New York for the first time in his life, and made up for his tardiness. Shortly after his return, he wrote to a friend: "I wish I were back in New York. It has taken this long for the New York fever to grip me good and hard—but now I've got it."

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It is rare for a cowman to praise a cowboy story, for there is no field of fiction in which the writers have been so careless of their facts. It is the quality of truth which appeals most to those readers of Andy Adams' books who know the cowboy life from actual experience. An old Wyoming cattleman said enthusiastically of "The Log of a Cowboy:" "That is the greatest cowboy book ever written. I have lived the life myself, and when I read that book I knew that the author had been there." Similar opinions may now be heard throughout the west of Mr. Adam's third book, "The Outlet," just published. Mr. Robert Bridges says in Collier's Weekly: "The books of Andy Adams, the cowboy, are excellent specimens of the literature of occupation. 'The Outlet,' recently published, is an invaluable picture of a phase of life that has vanished. Andy Adams has lived this life, and has put it on record with every appearance of truth, and no little skill in biting and picturesque language. One thing he has done superlatively well: he has caught the essential traits in diverse characters. They are transcripts from the life. And their language is filled with striking, picturesque epigrams and metaphors, hot from the trail, that no mere author could ever hope to invent. It is a veritable page from a vanished and romantic past."

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Baron Komura Jutaro, the Japanese minister for foreign affairs, has sent word to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. that his imperial majesty the emperor of Japan and his imperial highness the crown prince have been graciously pleased to accept copies of "The Russo-Japanese Conflict" by Dr. K. Asakawa. The Hon. Lloyd C. Griscom, U. S. minister to Japan, was so attracted by this book that he has ordered two copies for his own personal use. The North China Daily News, the leading English newspaper of the east, says in the course of a long review of this book: "Dr. Asakawa approaches his theme of the present struggle, both from the standpoint of economics and of history. Throughout the book a careful, unprejudiced tone is observed, which is that of an impartial judge of the events narrated, and by that very fact the volume is all the more convincing." The American Journal of Sociology believes that "no subject of a neutral power could have written a more impartial account of the long diplomatic engagement which preceded the outbreak of hostilities in the far east. To the judicial attitude the author adds a thorough acquaintance with his material, enabling him to fortify his argument with a running commentary of authentic documents." "Any one," says the London Pall Mall Gazette, "who wants a terse, closely-reasoned, and dispassionate account of the situation preceding the war cannot do better than consult this book." It has also been favorably reviewed in Germany.

FRANK J. SPRAGUE.

The name of Frank J. Sprague is closely associated with the history of electric traction in this country. He was a graduate of the United States naval academy, but his interest in things electrical soon resulted in his resignation from the navy. To Frank J. Sprague belongs the honor of the harnessing of electricity to the street car service. His work in the development of electric traction has been recognized by his appointment as consulting engineer of the Sprague Electric company, of the General Electric company, and of the New York Central; as director of the Societe Francaise Sprague, as a member of the terminal improvement commission of the New York Central, and as president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, a position from which he has now resigned. To the July Century Mr. Sprague contributes the first of two papers on the electric railway, its beginning, development and future.

Frank J. Sprague is one of the brilliant figures in modern commercial life. He it was who, in Richmond in 1888, brought together the best features of all the electric traction systems which had been devised, applied to motive power and fundamental principles which he had learned in building electric-light plants and establishing stationary motors; added new and simple, but effective, methods of motor control and suspension, and in general worked out a well-defined system, the essential features of which have not been changed in the years since he installed the first practical electric railway in the United States. The story of the electric railway is one of general interest; and Mr. Sprague is the man of all men to write it. The first of two papers on the subject by Mr. Sprague appears in the July Century. The August issue will continue in detail the resume of early experiments in electric traction with Mr. Sprague's views of the later developments of the "art" and a forecast of its future development.

BOOKS.

Five editions have already been necessary to supply the demand for Mary Austin's novel "Isidro" in America and England. "This 'Isidro' is true romance and no ordinary novel," in the opinion of the New York Times. "But the difference lies not in the story so much as in the language. That language has a characteristic of its own, and a fitness to the honorable service of the romance of Old California—the Castilian California—which reminds you of Maurice Hewlett's language in relation to his mediaeval subjects. The two languages are (naturally) not the same, but both are marked by a forceful simplicity of word and phrase. Mrs. Austin has the gift of the witchcraft of romance." The author has evidently been a close student of the early mission days of California. 'Isidro' being a historically correct and fair picture of the times. The characters are well drawn, the descriptions vivid, and the charms of California well set forth. The plot is clever and well developed, and Isidro and Jacinta a charming pair of lovers. California has not been wanting in its praise of Mrs. Austin's work. The San Francisco Argonaut says: "However excellently the time before the Gringo came has been portrayed by Mrs. Atherton by Helen Hunt Jackson, and by Bret Harte, we have no hesitation in saying that 'Isidro' will suffer not at all by any comparisons. With respect to its sheer beauty of description of a beloved land, and the broad sympathy that it exhibits with the people and the period, no tale of Spanish-American days can match it." The San Francisco Chronicle considers that "the whole charm of the book lies in the brilliant pictures of California life and scenery. Nothing in Bret Harte is better done than the early chapters describing Isidro's ride through the wild mountain country down to the sea at Monterey." The Chicago Journal finds in Mrs. Austin's work "a certain colloking delight, an animated enjoyment of the telling of the story, a vivid pleasure in depicting a well-beloved country." "Her novel will have at least the popularity of 'Ramona,'" predicts the San Francisco Bulletin, "and will deserve it—which is indeed high praise." Houghton Mifflin are the publishers. On sale at Deseret News Book Store.

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"The House of Cards" is the title of a new book by John Heigh. The person who gives the name and background to this novel is neither an idealization nor a caricature, but a transcript from life of the typical and dominant American of our day. He is set forth, as the last 50 years have made him, in the terms of a coherent story; and he is brought to the present moment as to a crisis in our national life. Contrasting him is the equally strong but undetermined element in the situation, the young American, the twentieth century American, whose attitude toward the national problem is all important. These are the materials which our story undertakes to transform into terms of active and emotional life, full of human interest, and to work out on the lines of a closely drawn plot holds the reader's interest along more than one line of strong appeal. Its figures are the men and women one would be glad to know. The social life of today and that of 40 years ago are interestingly contrasted, the old, old social warfares of Boston and Philadelphia cropping out amusingly now and then. The effect of the civil war as an influence in character building and the changes brought about by growing material and commercial development are expressed in a strong story that is alive with keen thrusts of somewhat grim humor. Its undercurrent, however, is that of a clear, sweet and attractive love-story that goes far to restore one's faith in the future.—Macmillan Co.

Old World Gossip of The Foreign Writers.

OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 14.—Well up in the list of best selling novels, on this side of the water at present is "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." Its author, W. J. Locke, is one of the dozen or more English writers of renown who combine literary work with some more prosaic calling. He is secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Tall, stooping, clean-shaven and somewhat gaunt-looking, surveying the world placidly through a pair of the heavy rimmed eye-glasses affected on this side of the water. Locke is quite evidently his own original for "Sir Marcus" in almost everything excepting years, the author having just turned 49. He was born in Barbados and went first to the Royal college at Trinidad and then to Cambridge, where he gained the mathematical tripos in 1884. Counting his last one, Locke has produced nine novels, the first being called "At the Gate of Samaria." Perhaps the best of the lot was "Where Love Is," which saw the light in 1903. Most of Locke's literary work is done in his flat in Ridgmount Gardens, Bloomsbury. Besides being a confirmed club man, the author is popular in society and is usually to be seen of a Sunday morning taking part in the fashionable church parade in Hyde park.

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Since Sienkiewicz practically retired from the literary world, Polish novelists have not been doing much for the international fame of their country. Our Warsaw correspondent, however, informs me that an author with the sufficiently impossible name of Gansiorowski is likely to be heard from presently outside Poland where his fame is already great, although the sale of his books has been prohibited in Russia. His latest novel, "The Tenth Pavilion," a grim story of the plots and counter plots of the Polish socialists and of the dread mysteries of the Warsaw Citadel, is being translated into English with the idea of introducing this author to England and the United States. He is already known in France, several of his historical novels having been translated into that language.

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Their respective motor cars have been getting both Rudyard Kipling and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle into trouble of late. The author of "Sherlock Holmes" was had up in court, day before yesterday, and fined £25 for letting his chauffeur travel on the Portsmouth road at more than the legal speed of 20 miles an hour. It was shown, in fact, that Dr. Doyle and his man were traveling at the rate of over thirty miles in the 60 minutes, though the burly novelist declared in court that he had not thought his car capable of that speed. Rudyard Kipling was motoring through the village of Robertsbridge, a few days ago, when his Mercedes frightened a cart-horse. The animal shied and his driver was thrown to the ground, his ear being nearly cut off by one of the cart wheels. Kipling and the other folk in the car promptly offered assistance, but this was wrathfully refused by the man who lost a good deal of blood before his wound could be properly stitched by a doctor.

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Gerhart Hauptmann is one of the foreign celebrities selected this year for the distinction of an Oxford honorary degree. Aside from his genius, the German tragedian is interesting because of his versatility and his extremely multiferary origin. His father was a small inn-keeper in Silesia and Hauptmann got his early education at the village school, where, like other geniuses in the making, he was considered rather a dunce, though even then he showed a certain talent for story-telling. He first thought, however, of being a sculptor, and worked at it for a while, but gradually took to writing. At the beginning his luck was bad. Of his first work, a drama called "Das Erbe des Tiberius," he lost the manuscript. An epic poem of his, in the style of Byron's "Childe Harold," was printed, but afterwards suppressed. Then he wrote a volume of poems, but the publisher who accepted it, failed before the book was printed. An autobiographical novel, on the lines of "David Copperfield," started soon afterwards by Hauptmann, remains unfinished to this day. His first great success was made with a drama called "Die Weber." His best known work is "Die versunkene Glocke."

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No great enthusiasm has been aroused by the proposal to erect a monument to Eugene Sue at Annecy, the little town to which the author retired when his political opinions rendered Paris impossible for him. Sue is one of those writers whom everybody is supposed to have read, but whom, as a matter of fact, comparatively few persons nowadays do read. Still it is unquestionable that at the time he wrote the "Mysteries of Paris," he was the most conspicuous of French novelists. Many amusing stories concerning him are still current at Annecy. Although in theory an extremists among Socialists, he was most luxurious in his personal habits. It is said that every morning when he sat down to work, his valet brought him a new pair of straw colored gloves, which he put on before dipping a gold pen into a silver inkpot, perchance to write some florid denunciation of riches, or to affirm his conviction that no one was entitled to any of the superfluities of life, while there were people who were deprived of its necessities. But it would go rather hard with authors generally if they were expected to live up to their convictions.

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What must be a record book-bargain is reported this week from Scotland. At a sale of furniture and books, recently held in a small country town north of the Tweed, an eighth edition, in nineteen volumes, of the Encyclopedia Britannica, was put up for auction. After some hesitancy about bidding, a reckless member of the assemblage offered three pence—six cents—for the lot, at which price it was knocked down.

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